

## THE ASCENSION OF JIM BLUNT

(Continued from Page 15)



## Bring the Babies to "The Store Beautiful" Next Wednesday

The Beautiful Baby Contest will be held in our store, 4 p. m. Wednesday, April 15th, when the Grand English Perambulator, pictured above will be awarded to the baby Boy or Girl, under twelve months of age, who the judges decide is the most beautiful.

All babies and their mothers as well as all admirers of Beautiful Babies are invited to be present.

In addition to the grand prize there will be a souvenir for every baby.

We want it understood that this contest is given without obligation on the part of those who desire to attend. A general invitation is extended, and the prize given without restriction.

Bring the Babies and their friends, next Wednesday.

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Over King's Hardware Store.

He gloated over the losses of the pawnbroker when that individual sustained any; was ever ready and anxious to "pull" a saloon or "gambling joint," but of all his abominations the petty thief was the worst. When once he had his clutches on such of that ilk as he could get them on, it was simply a question of neither mercy nor quarter.

So then Blunt went on his course, doing his duty in an honest way that won for him the respect of the newspaper boys and the public, who he found ever ready to uphold him in his manner of doing things, while the crooks and some members of the force were down on him.

They weren't jealous but they just couldn't understand a man being honest.

Political heelers too had waited on him time after time, but it availed them nothing. "Gentlemen," he would say, or if it was an individual, "I am not for sale. I know one kind of politics—the kind that builds America—not boodlers and grafters. When I vote I vote according to the dictates of my conscience, not the dictation of any 'boss' or 'ring.'"

So time went on in this way until he had reached his thirty-fifth birthday, when one day he was walking along thinking. It was a clear day in November; a bright, crisp day—the sort of day that makes you love your neighbor as yourself.

Blunt had been working hard all day on a complicated case—a very bad robbery. He had practically completed his case and found that it involved not alone a gang of criminals and thieves on which he had long had his eye, but also a very prominent politician, who through his interalliance with the gang, was, it seemed, as badly implicated as the thieves themselves.

The arrest of the gang and their accessory would create an immense sensation, for the details would make good reading, as the man implicated was very prominent socially, financially and politically. The man in question had never really been thought of in connection with anything out of the way, unless it was certain little peccadilloes in politics that had landed him close to the bars of retribution several times, but Blunt, who knew this had yet never conceived that he could be involved to any extent in anything so very crooked as absolute proof now gave.

Blunt wasn't feeling very good this day, owing to the fact that he was "busted," as some of the reward money he had been earning, also part of his salary had been unfortunately speculated with in some wildcat mining stocks that had turned him nothing but assessments.

Blunt thought of all these matters as he was walking along, and was wondering what Molly would say when he told her of the loss of all his money.

They had calculated on getting married—Molly and he—soon, and with the little money he had had on hand, and his current salary, they could see their way clear, but now that was gone there was little chance unless she would take "pot luck" with him.

He had reached the corner leading to Molly's home, when he was stopped by a rough looking man, who coming up and saluting respectfully, said:

"Cap'n, the 'boss' wants to see ye."

"The 'boss'?" replied Blunt, half unheeding.

"Yes. Dwight, ye know."

"Oh," replied Blunt, light breaking in on him very suddenly.

Dwight was one of the "bosses" of the city, and was the man against whom Blunt had such strong proof in connection with the matter he had just been thinking of so intently.

"What does he want?" he asked sharply and tersely.

"I don't know," replied the man. "I was told to wait for you and catch you and to ask when I found you, for you to step over to Haggerty's—that he would meet you there."

"Tell him I don't want to see him now or at any other time," retorted Blunt quickly and with an air of finality, and turning on his heel started away, then after taking a few steps and evidently thinking the matter over, turned and retraced his steps, calling the messenger as he did so:

"Hey."

The man stopped, turned, then as he saw Blunt approaching, waited until he had come up.

"Wait a moment and I'll go with you."

The messenger in reply leaned over confidentially and whispered to Blunt: "It won't do for us to be seen together. Maybe some o' me friends'll think I been 'pinched.' I'll go on, if ye don't mind, Cap. You know the way?"

"Yes," replied Blunt shortly, "go on," and he eyed the other as he went noiselessly ahead.

Blunt had not accepted the invitation without some little reflection. He knew there was a danger—that Haggerty's was a dangerous place, a rendezvous for criminals of all kinds. If he speculated on the

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